

WORONI



Journal of the A.N.Z.S.A.
Volume 17 number 6
Published by John Hat
JANUARY 1988
ISSN 0005-0008

this is it:

THE **FUCK** YOU CAN
TAKE HOME TO MUM

Woroni takes this opportunity to apologise for misleading advertising in the last Woroni. This issue is not, repeat NOT a Woroni you can take home to Mum. In fact, not one page of this Woroni can you take home to Mum.

We expect you won't want a Woroni You Can Take Home to Mum next issue, so it might be a Woroni you can send home to Mum.

dear prudence *page 3*

chapton & tommy *14 & 15*

riptoff comix *12*

OPEN THIS PAGE, AND A WHOLE NEW WORLD OPENS UP TO YOU!

letters to the editor

Dear editor,

This letter is addressed to Woroni's male readers.

All women are oppressed by all men, including myself. This systematic oppression is called sexism.

The sexist is prejudiced, sees women as inferior, women's concerns as less interesting than men's, women's activities as weighed in the balance and found wanting, women's history (or herstory) as nonexistent. Even when the sexist praises women, it comes out sounding like a put-down, like praising the Mammy on a Southern slave plantation. To the sexist, people like this are only fit to be oppressed — so it is all right to oppress them. Nearly all of us are sexists. It has been women who have seen this clearest, and have spoken out against it most. But now we as men are coming to see it too. We have started to see sexism for what it is — the fault which stands out most sharply in the rot in the whole structure of society. Sexism is something which we can confront in a real way, because it affects us at work, at home, in our leisure pursuits, everywhere. By being concerned with sexism, we come to be more aware of other aspects of the oppression which exists in our society — bosses over workers, adults over children, whites over blacks, straights over gays, and all the rest. *We cant destroy the enemy who oppresses us unless we first challenge him in ourselves.* Everything we do either supports or pulls down the pattern of oppression which runs through our whole society. We support it when we call women 'chicks', 'birds', 'girls'. We support it when we believe our job is primary and her job is secondary. We support it when we hear what a man says but don't hear the same thing when a woman says it.

If you want to stop supporting the oppression, start being more aware of what you are doing to yourself, and to women, and to other men. Our competitiveness, our desire to stay cool and get ahead, perhaps most of all our normal ways of behaving as we are expected to as men, are all sick; we need to find out together how to heal ourselves.

Next term will see yet another attempt to break the walls of shlub consciousness that divide us. Think about your position. A Men's group will meet next term to start the most arduous task of all: a co-operative attempt to defeat sexism.

Yours,
PAUL MASON

There was a young lady called Denison
Who particularly savoured some venison
She'd devour its legs
With two boiled eggs
While reciting some verses from Tennyson

2 University Limits Your Mind. Primarily, most students end up not thinking.

Dear Sir,

Only recently have I come to understand the amount of collusion which may be occurring within the Students' Association. It is common knowledge that S.A. meetings are stacked but this point was driven home to me at the last meeting. Strangely enough, it had nothing to do with the Palestinian resolutions. A motion was put that the Radio A.N.U. grant from the Student Association be increased to \$2500. This was overwhelmingly passed by the student body present, much to the disdain of some of the regular attenders of the S.A. meetings. At this point one of these 'regulars' sitting directly in front of me said,

'It'll be easy to get the motion dissented at the next meeting when all these people aren't here.'

If this is the attitude of most of the regulars who attend S.A. meetings, something must be done. After hearing this I am going to attend every meeting I can, and I call upon other students of the S.A. to do the same. Membership of the S.A. is compulsory. This is against the wishes of most students, for if the majority of the students had wanted to join there would have been no reason to ammend the by-laws last year, making it compulsory. But since it is compulsory and decisions are made in the name of the students at this University (both in dealing with the University Authorities and with External Matters) it would make a mockery of the S.A. to allow a group of lobbyists to exert undue weight in decision-making inside the S.A. if they are not representing the true student feeling.

I call upon students to go to the meetings held every second Wednesday night in the Union during term, and make certain that any decisions which may affect the welfare of all of us are decisions which represent the true student feeling.

JACK CLAFF,
Toad Hall,
A.N.U.



BUMS TITS & GREASEPAINT

a regular column on the Performing Arts on Campus

'The Late' and 'The Bodybuilders' went off, to mindboggling audiences (academics and all) and a near rave review on page 3 of the "Canberra (Fun City) Times". Well, perhaps not near-rave, but intelligent and encouraging. In the words of Paul Barron (or his sub-editor) — "Theatre Group back in action". It seems a pity it ever went out of action — but lamenting does none of us any good.

The first production for next term has been called over the last weeks a "non-Revue". However, after much consideration, a name was given "Bridge in the Night" (subject to alteration with a minimum of notice). This rather pretentious name is partly derived from the production's setting — The Union Bridge; and partly from what the production intends — to try and link many types of theatre, and link ideas. So much for its philosophy. Apart from that "Bridge in the Night" could well be an important piece of theatre. Or it could be a flop. That choice will be made by all those involved, and by audience response.

By Thursday (today?) most of the people will have been cast, and the various things underway.

And by June 5, "Bridge in the Night" (Or, a Revue, of Sorts) will be at your mercy.

Immediately following "Bridge in the Night" there is another production beginning at Childers St. Hall. "The Italian Straw Hat" is a very funny, light and frothy French farce, and is being produced by A.T.W. Apart from some well known "names" in character actors, like Harry Schmit and Bill Ginnane, it also features (in cameo roles) Theatre Group stars like Deborah Mead, Dorothy Watson, and Pam Jack, i.e. Go an see it, starting June 11.

Theatre Group this year is finally getting itself together in good sort of way. Yet, there are still many questions we must ask ourselves, and some things to be demanded.

What sort of theatre should we be concentrating on? What is the purpose of a University drama group.

Obviously, this writer is writing from the standpoint of, a) a biased observer/participant, and b) at the present time, a person heavily committed to T.G. Thus, what I say is not applicable or necessarily valid.

But for what its worth: I feel we should be building to a dynamic central core of Theatre, producing

and experimenting always. In my past experience, T.G. concentrated on producing a couple of (interesting, yes) plays. Last year's attempt at street theatre was a step in the right direction. However, groups within the Campus/Theatre Group should be doing things like that as often as possible. "Bridge in the Night" has the potential of inspiring the growth of these ideas.

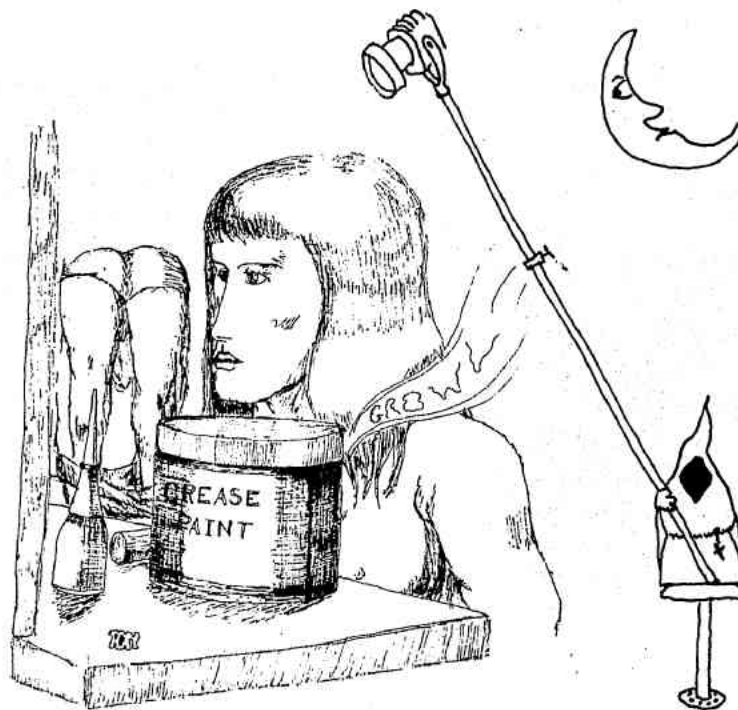
Obviously, we as students lack time for total theatrical involvement — I think, unfortunately. But students can give time to do something beyond just occasionally doing a safe production. This goes beyond a merely "on-stage" thing. It goes into a deeper student involvement in the whole production process — technical Childers St. House Committee, The Arts Centre Committee; managerial, publicity. We should also aim for a much stronger integration of NUDE and Theatre Group. At the moment it seems possible only on a personal level — T.G. members attending NUDE and vice-versa. What about the recognition of movement and theatre as totally inseperable. Stylization, mime and Dance Theatre seem foreign to large numbers.

These ideals, the development of an intense working group of craftsmen/women, aware politically, socially and culturally cannot be attained overnight.

But it seems certain that the construction of the Arts Centre, (see article this issue) with its multi-media facilities will attract some sort of (initially, at least) dedicated, interested/interesting group. beyond just fringe people. It seems somehow sad that it has to happen in response to material advantages.

But perhaps I am being overly critical of the present. (I am only discussing these) Campus and its apparent Theatrical apathy (Up ya's all).

Bums, Tits and Greasepaint, with rest of Woroni, goes on "holiday". But wait for next term —
THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT
THE SMELL OF THE CROWD



CHRONICLE MORNING



The spirit of Woodstock was alive but indoors at Ray Barrett's on Anzac Day. After a preview parade of winter nightwear eminent sociologists joined beauty contestants, radical feminists, distinguished members of the Asian community, left wing activists, social butterflies and other beautiful people practised non-verbal communication and danced the night away to the wee hours. Amongst the guests — David (Pontiflex Maximus) Manning, the pulchritudinous Carla Parkes, looking radiant as ever, that ebullient politician, Richard Volpata flaunting extreme décolletage, and our own Julius Roe.

Tears flowed like wine when the Rudolph Nuryev of ANU, Uwe Boettcher resigned from his position as the sensual president of N.U.D.E. Uwe will soon be performing his graceful arabesques and plies on the skislopes.

Mauve is definitely the colour for dinner shirts this season, and many a fashionable gent sported a violaceous breast at the Graduation Ball. Among them were Paul Hansen, Steven Morton Raymond Barrett, with that most precious pearl of the Orient, Lily Chan, James Standing and Michael O'Brien who recently announced his engagement to the beautiful Wanty Ekaristina. Well-known 2CA newsreader, Mark Cunliffe, who was escorted by the primus inter pares of the Law School, Hilary Penfold, introduced an individual note with his red and white spotted bow-tie. Also the sumptuous diamond studded banquet held on Sunday night for the beau monde of Canberra by mavourneen Patrick Power (hair styled for the occasion by Suzanne Twinkles of the Penthouse) was conducted with grandeur and dignity that would satisfy the most punctilious, and the jeunesse dorée were all present in full regalia. Engaging Belconnen pedagogue, Francis Keighley was there, seated beside that very chic Darwinian, Fiona Arthur, who is a personal friend of Brutus O'Dowd (there is only one, I know of whom I speak), and the divinely degage Gordon Bragg. My attention was as always drawn to the fragile beauty

of Timothy Ong and, of course, to the ravishing Jane Hodges who was draped in the most gorgeous white spotted voile that must be the dernier cri in haute couture.

Christopher (two bites of the cherry) McPhillamy has again illustrated his remarkable predictive talents by attacking decisions relating to Radio ANU that have not yet been made. Perhaps if Mr McPhillamy were to attend a few meetings

When Andrew Dunstan is not busy demonstrating the difference between NSW and ACT marijuana laws, he can be seen losing money with a flourish by promoting his friend and mentor of many years, Kevin Hindle, as the satirical song writer/performer, Cisco Joe. titivated in the most utterly divine white satin fal-de-lal, and cowboy hat, the El Caudillo of the Falange of 1972 (Ivor Greenwood remembers with tears in his eyes) captivated a predominantly Bruce Hallian audience. Peter Killen, of the dazzlingly albescent teeth, now a resident of Canberra Hospital, pronounced himself too, too, thrilled to see Cisco Joe put Australia on the satirical songwriters map at last.

The Students' Association meeting of April 16 was quite a gala event with so many unfamiliar faces. A large and somewhat gilded meeting was stunned by a truly amazing display of logorrhoea and silvery-tongued faetian. AUS President, Ian McDonald, was there, spell-binding, and as impressive as usual, and gay liberationist Jack Pappas (lovely, but oh so butch) was prominent on the side-lines, lending jovial support to the Zionist cause. Confused by chairperson Julius Roe's cunning acknowledgement that he was "slow-witted", Zionist Robert Kohn failed to recall that RSA students are not undergraduates and so have no voting rights.

What a delightful evening it was when some utterly charming Russian visitors joined Jill Jolliffe, Rod Quinn and other Canberra notables to gourmandize the nectar and ambrosia offered in the Union Bistro. When not engrossed in the scintillating

conversation of Ian de Kreupele, the Russians were bemused by the lovely (is it a cliché?) Rigmor Helene Berg, looking as statuesque as she feels in 6" (spike?) heels. Ms Berg appears to be bent on reviving the concept of rape as a creative experience for the elite, although some victims prefer to believe that passive seduction is a reality.

The Bruce Hall Ball was one where many of the corps d'elite were conspicuous in their absence, including the socially puissant JDB who left her ticket at home. Chris Coffey and JCR Chairman, Peter Hopkins gave us, perhaps a glimpse of their real selves as they greeted guests with a suitably gory puncture on the neck. Fashion honours went again to the superb Mr John Fowler, who was truly delicious in a very modish white dinner jacket and black-tie.

Seen waving a well-rounded fundament or two under the sensuous noses of the Ritz, were the Burgman branch of the Peter Dodson fan club. It's so distressing the way the most sociable of us always seem to be in need of medical attention, and I know I'm thrilled to know that Peter is operating as efficiently as ever once more.

The social round drew me to Melbourne for a few days last week and between engagements I called on a few old friends. The doe-eyed but dangerous Tasma Ockenden has transferred her entourage to Melbourne after her recent victory in the postal election of AUS Deputy President. Doesn't that make four female officers on the AUS Executive? Defeated contender, everybody's Uncle Ralf Bleechmore, famous for the miracle conversion by bricking of a bathroom into a swimming pool, (do it yourself is all the rage in Melbourne) has now transformed his car into a tank and his Mini-Moke now sports a stunning white wooden tower. Uncle Ralf once spent considerable time separated from the nocturnal activities of the Machiavellian Jo-Anne Langenberg by only a curtain. How titillating! Jo-Anne's ideological mater may have been Emma Peel, but on Saturday night, her ideological pater, David Spratt, son of Frankenstein, was more in evidence. Not only does Jo-Anne's concept of feminism coincide with his, but she shares his morbid fascination with artless, gruesome and minatory games.

I do so wish I could spare the time to be with dear Richard Refshauge, former paterfamilias of the ANU Students' Association, in Geneva, where he will join his Barbara in conjugal bliss very soon.

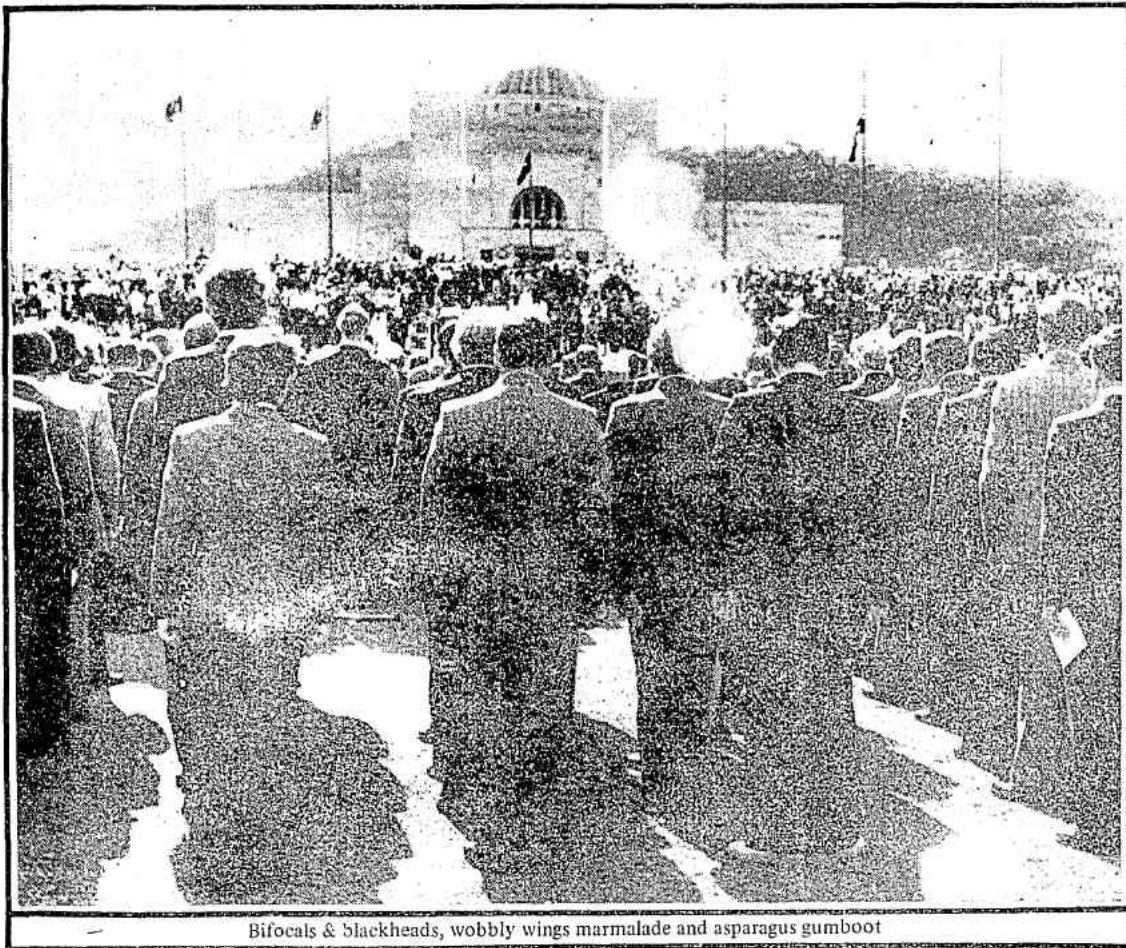
Amy



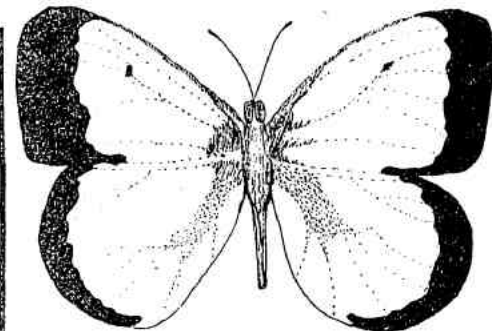
We interrupt this perusal for a flash note:
Saigon's old govt. has made way for the new.
Woroni honours these heroes as deserved.
Now we return you to the layout room.

* * * ONLY ONE WAY OUT REMAINS

Anti-commercialism.



Bifocals & blackheads, wobbly wings marmalade and asparagus gumboot



Woroni volume twenty seven number six first of may and printed by PROGRESS PRESS PTY LTD vix Godfrey and co in the depths of fishwick heights. Produced by Roland Manderson, Paul Mason, typing by Maree layout by Paul John Coleman Rigmor Richard G-M Bern and rolanD and Jon Free and Walter... graphics by Ript Oft inc, Peter Newbiggin Paul Mason.....and others.....just remember that the copy deadline [and I mean Deadline] is 12 noon on Monday the 26th may...keep those irate letters coming in and don't forget to read Woroni and listen to Radio A.N.U. and write it down or ring someone up. With your support (a surgical support, needless to say) next term's Woroni might be bigger [unlikely] and better [not hard]or may be not.



art school

This is a summary of a meeting with Mr R.A. Foskett, Divisional Secretary of the Department of Education on the 24th April. Mr Foskett was described as sympathetic.

The points covered were:

1. Space
2. Teacher situation
3. Future of Art School
4. Materials

Space -

Viability of portables on site (2 - 3 months) ordered from Sydney Putting through plans for alteration of present room/corridor layout with view to using Housing and Construction to implement them as soon as possible.

Future compilations of plans for other areas of the School will be accepted for study.

Teachers -

Agreed to recruit more full-time staff through Commonwealth channels

because NSW wouldn't supply more full-timers.

Agreed to investigate proper allocation of available staff.

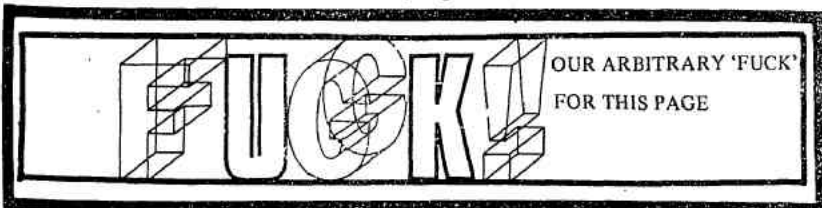
Future of the Art School -

It was Mr Foskett's optimistic view that 1979 was the earliest date for a new Art School and that demolition for the Art School as it stands is not expected till at least 1981 - 82. He considered the Art School's autonomy necessary not only for the proper functioning of the school but also for the attraction of a suitable principal.

Accreditation - Considered our Diploma recognised - but was sympathetic to the influence that the negative prestige of the present Art School exerts upon it.

Materials -

Agreed to looking into the erratic flow of supplied materials and systems of ordering and distribution and storage.



Big companies are hard to understand. Why not take a look at the facts about this one?

Fact 1. We are not an American company. Surprisingly, we find that many Australians think we are.

Fact 2. Nearly 80% of our share capital is owned by The Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation Limited of London. But with more than 80,000 shareholders in CRA and group companies in Australia, and more than 20,000 Australian employees, we have developed a strong Australian identity.

Facts 3 to 300 are freely available to all interested Australians in a booklet which gives a comprehensive factual coverage of what we are and what we're about. We would be happy to send you one.



Please send me your free booklet "Facts about CRA, 1974"

Name: _____

Address: _____


State: _____ Postcode: _____



CONZINC RIODINTO OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED
95 Collins Street, Melbourne, 3001

CR481

4 The University, is for the majority of students (that probably includes you, Fuck head) is a function of



Dear Prudence

Dear Prue,

I hope you will print this because I'm at the end of my tether. I live in a house with 8 young people who seem to regard my presence as an annoyance. I'm not terribly good looking (certain people say I'm ugly) and I'm a little clumsy sometimes. I just can't help this and it's difficult to let the others know how sorry I am for any trouble I cause. I try to be a happy, lively presence in this house but some in particular seem to hound me all the time. How can I change their attitude toward me. I'm not employed and spend a lot of time worrying about this problem. I sincerely hope you can help me.

"Unhappy"

Dear Unhappy,

Communal living in any circumstance exposes the residents to certain strains, especially if there is overcrowding as there appears to be in your case. I'm sure that your companions would not hold your appearance against you as you seem to think, or your clumsiness. Many of us suffer from this affliction and just have to come to terms with it - after all, who

else in the world can make water-balls? But I do think that perhaps your interaction with the group is not as it could be. Perhaps you should try to become attuned to the atmosphere of the house and take your cue from there - the other people may not wish to be confronted with continuous cheerfulness and jocularity if it is obtrusive - if you toned down your behaviour a little results may be better. Please do not assume that cheerfulness is a sin - just making yourself less intrusive may help. The one person who hounds you may be a little over sensitive. Don't be overcome by this attitude to you as cheerful people are very soothing to have around, it is just the extent to which it is carried that could be altered. If you are genuinely interested in getting on with your compatriots keep on with your attempts to clarify your motives; it always helps to bring opinion differences into the open for discussion. As for your unemployed state, the Commonwealth Employment Service is always helpful especially the NEAT scheme. I hope you have more success in the future, but

if the situation in Pudney Street remains unbearable the question of alternative accommodation should not be discounted.

Dear Prudence,

This is my first year away from home and I'm living in Garran Hall. I've made several good friends but the pressure of study has meant that I've felt isolated from people in general.

Everybody I know has a girlfriend but I'm very shy socially and I don't want to get too involved with sexual relationships as I'm here to study and I feel that a steady girlfriend would dominate all my time as I am inexperienced in these fields. I am worried that I could spend too much time at parties and in the bar. Many of the people I know smoke marijuana and if I start treating them as good friends I feel that I would start smoking with them and would not work as hard at my course as I should. They are nice people and so far they are my only social contacts. Because I want to pass my subjects I feel that I might have to become even more socially isolated which will only make me even more lonely.

Please help.

"Miserable"

Dear Miserable,

As so many ex-first year students would agree, it is so easy to become involved with drugs, drinking, and sex to the detriment of one's studies, when one is thrust into a different

social sphere such as a University campus. I think you are very wise to realise, even at this early stage, that your studies are important, and, after all, there will be many years in your life left for experiment.

I would advise you to continue with the due emphasis on study, and I think that as you are such a sensible person, that you would be able to maintain the necessary restraints in relationships, so it would not hurt to make friends of people you meet even if they do have odd habits. There is no need to become involved in drugs if you do not want to, but the friendship won't hurt. As for a steady girlfriend, if it is troubling you that you do not have regular female companionship, then find a girl; there are plenty of girls who would like a boyfriend but who are also interested in their studies, it's just a matter of finding them. Good luck.

GLAD

Woroni would like to inaugurate a substantive classified advertisements column. The going rate is \$1. per column centimetre. Send your classified to Glad, Woroni, ANUSA, or hand in to the office. Not just buying or selling, but accommodation, lifts to Melbourne, Sydney; in fact anything at all.

WANTED TO BUY
EJ or EH HOLDEN S.W.
ALSO 5 or 10 SPEED BIKE

JOE ext. 4518 or 81 0067

science fiction and fantasy art show

NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY publishers of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY in association with THE 33rd WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION - Melbourne - August 14-17, 1975.

SECTION 1 - Works that illustrate science fiction and fantasy (novels, short stories, etc.).

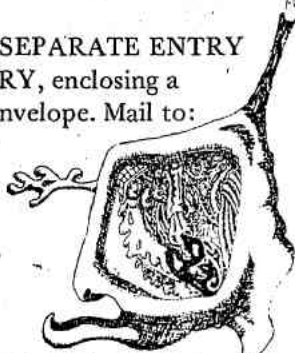
SECTION 2 - Works based on an original science fiction or fantasy theme.

PRIZES - Winners in each section - \$100 each PLUS - a special prize of \$100 donated by New English Library for a work of outstanding merit in Section 2.

HOW TO ENTER - Write now, requesting a SEPARATE ENTRY FORM FOR EACH ENTRY, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mail to:



John Breden
Aussiecon 75
GPO Box 4039
Melbourne
Victoria 3001



BEGIN PREPARING YOUR ENTRY NOW. All entries must be received in time for the PRELIMINARY SHOWING, 2-5 July 1975, at the lower Melbourne Town Hall, where a limited number of entrants will be chosen as SEMI-FINALISTS. Their work will be eligible for exhibition at the 33rd WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION ART SHOW, which will be held at the Southern Cross Hotel, where the WINNERS will be announced.

ADVANTAGES OF ENTERING THE ART SHOW - Members of the World Science Fiction Convention will be able to bid for your work during the WORLDCON ART AUCTION. The Convention charges 15% commission on all art work sold during the Auction.

THE NEW ENGLISH LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY will be looking for suitable work to illustrate and advertise their books, and for their magazine SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY. Other Australian and overseas publishers will also be attending the Convention and studying the Art Show.

If it is not possible to deliver artwork direct to us at the Melbourne Lower Town Hall on July 2nd, please make note of the following:

When sending Part A of the Entry Form, include your \$1.00 per entry, and mention that you will be mailing the entry direct. Get together with other entrants from your area to make up a joint parcel, and send to: ART SHOW
c/- 305 Swanston Street
MELBOURNE 3000

to arrive between 20 June and 2 July. Please contact us if your work is too large to post and you decide to send some other way. We will return unsold work to you after the Show the same way, so please include payment for this.

MOST IMPORTANT: DO NOT MAIL DIRECT TO THE LOWER TOWN HALL. We will send full details if your work is chosen for the World Convention Show.

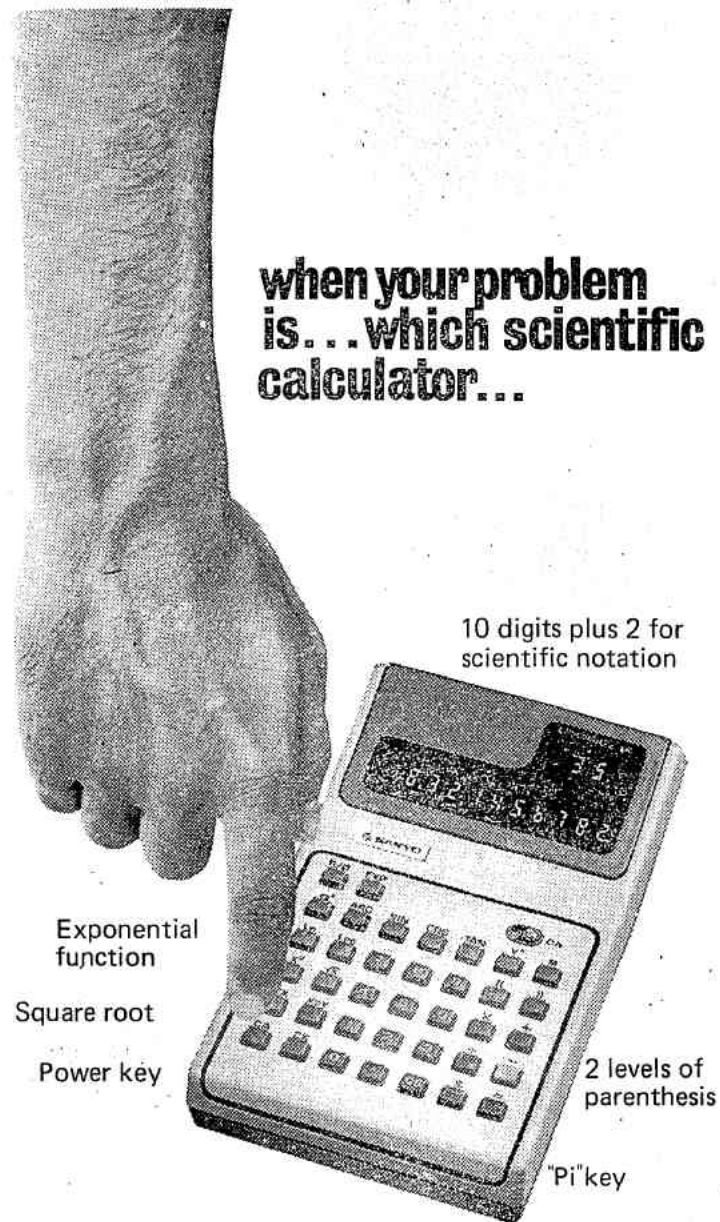
Creation, Diversity and Freedom of Thought are not functions of the University Existence.

copy 26 May
deadline

RADIO ANU 1620



when your problem
is... which scientific
calculator...



IT ALL ADDS UP TO  **SANYO C22171**
**Available from
the Union Shop**

ELITIST TOY or STUDENT SERVICE

Recently the Students' Association appropriated \$2500 to Radio ANU for the year 1975. Most Halls and Colleges have paid their annual rental for their on house transmitters. Whats going to happen to that money? Is the Radio Station really worth what we pay for it? Or is the Radio Station an expense we can well do without, being nothing more than an elitist toy. One thing is for sure, Radio ANU is elitist.

Of all the students who attend this University, only about one-third actually get the opportunity to hear the Radio Station that they themselves contribute to. Even some on-campus students miss out on transmissions. Why?? Because the station is not allowed, as yet, to transmit on greater power.

By its inability to reach all students I suppose Radio ANU is elitist to a point. Is it a toy and is it a genuine student service.

It isn't a toy. It is a very serious and one may even say professional broadcast station. First, lets look at the way the programming is thought out, and it is thought out. Nothing comes into the programme schedule without there being sound reasons for its mere presence and its particular position in the schedule. The main guide line for the programming is that the programme schedule must first and foremostly reflect accurately the cultural base from which it springs; secondly it must look towards new cultural experiences. Lets have a look at an example - classics; Monday 9pm to 11pm. Why?? No one can doubt that there is quite a bunch of classics fiends on campus. Therefore it is included (thats the reflection of the Cultural Base). Why Monday nights? If you're a rock freak then you can tune to Aunty, and hear Chris Winters Room to move at about

the same time. If you don't care but hate classics, you can tune to 2CA, go to the library, have a beer or turn off altogether and have a smoke.

During the breakfast, lunch and sunset programmes when the listener is characteristically doing something else as well as listening to Radio ANU, the promotional material is played. E.g. the uni bus reminders, running events promotions, and reminders of coming programmes. The music is easy to listen to but not necessarily anything absolutely brilliant that may require you to listen too hard because, as I say, the listener is usually doing something else anyway.

From seven to nine come the (hopefully) think programmes concentrating on particular types of music. Finally, late in the evening you can hear the more exotic types of music. Here new culture is being explored.

Now, what about the service. Primarily, the station is a clearing house for ideas and information. But before it can function it must have new information. At present, everything that comes in is processed into effective little spot announcements. But the station is NOT getting enough (neither are the staff). Everything that groups or individuals do on campus that requires action on the part of another individual or group is welcomed at the station. If you want to sell something, organise a meeting, find a lost article, give someone a message, have a dance - in short - anything at all - let the Station know. The people there will do their best to tell people listening all about it. It is a service so make use of it, and it will be a better service.

Elitist? Yes, to a point. A toy? No. A service? Yes - so use it.

WALTER PEARSON

Mr ANU QUEST OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Name Age.....

Statistics (cm)heightlength

.....circumference

Address

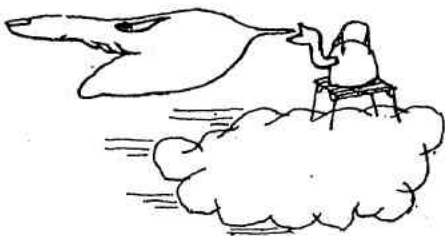
I agree to abide by the rules of the quest and to accept the judges' decision as final

.....(signature of contestant)

six 6

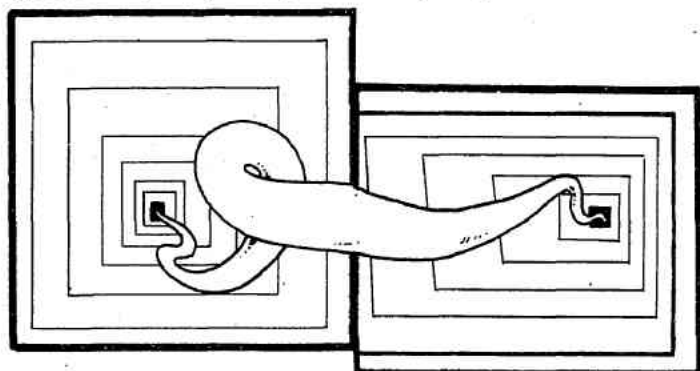
THE COMPLETE REJECTION OF THE VALUES OF THIS SOCIETY. * * *

**INSANITY
AS A
PART-TIME
WAY OF LIFE;**



address unknown

In an attempt to be clearly misunderstood, and having grown bored with peasoup and marine biology, it becomes suddenly important to badly structure some sentences and also to point out some blatantly obvious facts. Not that the facts need to be recognized by students, the U.N. or Chairman Ethelbert's Cousin's Washday Party, or even that the facts exist, but that the hole point. It has become obvious to the blatantly anonymous writer that pseudo insane behaviour rapidly becomes the only way of life worth clinging to, because of the beautiful ease with which it can be maintained, and the irrefutable nothingness that it represents in a world that takes itself far too seriously to allow despondant trout fishing to continue and where the beautiful people too forget how ridiculous they are. It is the only viewpoint that allows the groans to live side by side with the conviction that, alongside war, all mans other achievements pale into insignificance. It is the only ideology that allows one to claim to hold an original viewpoint, while expressing it by stealing the lines of others; rear-guard directions of crossfingered sections of purpose, which is of course a stolen line. To spend one's time in a cloak of normalcy even in being acceptably unacceptable while leaving practically no-one any idea of what one is really like, to communicate one's incommunicability and to invent new words so as to be misunderstood remains as the only viable form of expression when presented with the myriads of possible interpretations of non-happenings the new-borne babe is presented with. To present oneself as one who comes from the north, south, west and east of the passions of a spirit with all the flight of the wildest beast to ever spurr a stirrup; to then deny that one exists at all, and to rule ones life by the wildest impulses (re Diceman, a sure way to get past the editor) and to read all the Biggles books upside down is the only way one can achieve mans greatest aim, namely to forget how totally insignificant he is. Which is surely



the aim of every intelligent person, he having read Macbeth at some stage of his career. To remember to point out the clever things he accidentally said, like stage in the last sentence, to remember to claim it was deliberate, and to act surprised when caught stealing lines from Roy Harper is the only way one will be taken notice of, unless one annexes Czechoslovakia and marches into Poland in defence of ones principles. Because the realization that everything pretending to be anything stinks leaves a vacuum, so why not fill it with a nothing. More people should try getting into a thought thats worthless, turning it on and driving it round for a while. Of course, all such thought is meaningless, but equally obviously, that the whole point.

The somewhat bitter fact remains that all such methods of non-thought remain against the system, as she is viewed by the bulk of people, which is of course the only way any system is viewed if its a system. But short cuts to such a meaningless conclusion, such as ole acid, which result in an appearance of a totally insignificant life style (in this case, a temporarily apparently meaningless thought pattern) result in kiddies not rushing along to become soldiers, sailors or candlestick makers, which won't do. So even the bastions of the hallowed revolution, who are of course busily taking themselves incredibly seriously, find themselves retaining several dozen good solid concrete beliefs in the intransmutability of man's soul, the possibility of redemption through suffering, the mating habits of alarm clocks, the transmogrification of student politics or the average size of sugar cubes and 5c pieces. Which leads to the conclusion that such a way of life (and why deny such enlightenment to the masses) can only be part-time. Which all goes to show that football results can be important, smoking is a health hazard and cabbages shave on the weekends. To mix this pseudo insanity with Machiavellianistic plotting remains as the purest possible art form.

Richard Never Send To See For Whom The Bell Tolls; It Tolls For Thee Garfit-Mottram, Esq.

MORNING ON HOLIDAYS

a useless poem. Facile, but ridiculously obscure...

*I hate tea in my room, I wrote,
And yet they brought me tea.
I shouted out to read, I wrote,
And still they brought it me.
I threw the cup at them, I wrote,
I think they'll let me be.
And now they smile and say, I wrote,
Dear sir, two spoons or three?*

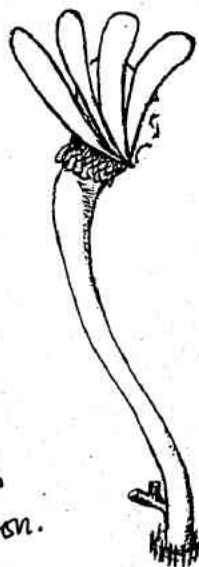
I like coffee in my room.



*Fake bears are shot
On fake safaris
False hunters dress
In vinyl hats
Ride rubber negroes'
Nylon backs.
Our neon sun
And sulphur stars
Fluorescent night
One plastic light
Throughout the land
Of Plasticman.*

*Fake faces show
Misunderstanding
Show nothing which
They know about:
Know nothing known, they're
Inside out.
Hollow screams for
Synthetic newsprint
Which paints up scenes
Pays standard fees
Plays plagiarised
Tragedies
For Plastic No-man's Land.*

*When people die
From plastic rifles
The sniper bends
And history
Knows ghostly shapes who
Once could see
With cellophane
Green eyes green souls;
Who mindless run round
Distance like holes
Of plasticene.
They're polystyrene
Forms obscene
In the plan
Of Plasticman.*



*Paul
Mason.*

ON REFLECTION

*It was small, it was thin,
It was pale, it was weak,
It was short, it was light,
It was even dead.
And now I am fled hither
By a picture:
A picture in my mind
Of size, of heat, so I fled
And now on reflection...*

POINT OF VIEW

Mr B. A. Santamaria's weekly telecast, on GTV-9 Melbourne, TCN-9 Sydney, TVQ-0 Brisbane, RTQ-7 Rockhampton, TNQ-7 Townsville, CTC-7 Canberra, CTC-10 Goulburn, BTW-3 Bunbury, GSW-9 Albany, NBN-3 Newcastle, FNQ-10 Cairns, and MVQ-6 Mackay.

Point of View?



Your fears were well-founded, Bob

overdue & not achieved

as bad as Betty Midler
the Greer selling sex!

PP OO →

Did you mean simple mind,

Bob

How about loose men

CRAP!

Don't you forget about Casanova, just once!

Bullehit
Bullehit
Bullehit
Bullehit
Bullehit
Bullehit
Bullehit

caring for a family is NOT women's work

SO much intellectual garbage has been articulated on the subject of International Women's Year that, by referring to it at all, one is afraid of adding to the volume. Yet the view which women have of themselves and their vocation, in the long run, may well be the most important single issue confronting Western civilisation.

In substance, there is no longer any question of political or legal equality between men and women; of woman's freedom of choice to work in industry; of equal pay for work of equal value. All of these are substantial and long overdue achievements.

Over the last ten years, the movement for women's emancipation has been replaced by what is known as Women's Liberation.

Its chief apostles, like Germaine Greer, are essentially shrewd and successful business entrepreneurs, playing up to a market and, in 1975, the most marketable commodity is sex.

The sex obsession -

What distinguishes women's liberation from women's emancipation is its obsession with the sexual function.

We are solemnly assured that what matters is woman's control of her own body, and that this can only be won through State-subsidised contraception and abortion-on-demand.

To my rather cynical mind, this would seem to ensure men's, rather than women's liberation.

Until our day, the wandering Casanova faced a very real problem. If he got a girl into trouble - to use old-fashioned language - he faced either a shotgun marriage or a paternity suit.

Not now.

Easy pickings

The characteristic feminine product of progressive education is supposed to be a different and more hopeful prospect.

Freed from belief in God, from belief in a moral law with sanctions attached, freed even from the fear of pregnancy, she is in control of her own body.

So the wandering Casanova has it made. The object of his desires is either on the pill, or very contemporary about abortion. From his view, there is no reason why she should not be forthcoming.

The ultimate logic of 'liberation' is that every woman, married or single, becomes available to every man, married or single.

I can well understand the enthusiasm for Women's Lib shared by so many of our young academic and media loins. They've never had it so good.

Even the liberated now admit that this nonsense is predominantly the concern of the discontented daughters of the elitist middle-class - to use their own tongue-twisting sociological jargon.

There is, however, a serious objective to be accomplished in the field of ordinary women's rights - if any woman can safely be called ordinary.

Action to repel psychological aggression will, however, be unavailing, unless the economic rewards in caring for a family are seen to be substantially the same as the economic rewards gained from working in industry.

This is a matter of justice: for the value

of housework can, if necessary, be assessed in purely economic terms.

It is also essential: for it is impossible for a young couple to buy a home unless both are earning income.

What we must do, then, is to create a situation in which the wife's housework is recompensed at its economic value, so that there is no economic conscription, driving her into the industrial work-force.

Family allowances

This could be done by the institution of a system of allowances for wives who engage in full-time occupation in the home.

These allowances should not be classified as a social service, paid out of consolidated revenue.

That would merely increase both government expenditure and taxation, the basic cause of today's inflation.

Moreover, a government which chooses to ignore them can erode their value, as it has with child endowment.

Together with child endowment, the allowance for wives should be part of the wage system.

One method has been outlined previously in this comment.

Briefly, it involves

- the establishment of a base rate, fixed scientifically to meet the needs of the unmarried wage-earner, male or female;
- the payment by employers of a wage supplement into an Equalisation Fund, administered not by the Government, but by an independent Commission.
- the payment out of this fund of all family allowances, including child-endowment and wife-allowance, both fixed at a level of real needs.

When the base rate for single wage-earners is raised, family allowances and contributions to the Equalisation Fund should be varied by the same percentage.

Payments for skill or 'work-value' would, as at the present moment, be negotiated separately.

A real choice

That is one method of establishing real freedom of choice for the married woman.

It would quickly be seen that half of the married women at present employed in industry would choose to care for their families.

It is economic conscription which drives a large proportion of married women into the workforce today.

What has now become urgent is to vindicate the freedom of the married woman, who desires positively to give full-time to her family.

That depends on the successful assertion of a principle: that a married woman should be free, without any compulsion whatsoever to choose whether she should care for her family, or work in industry.

Winning freedom of choice for her involves two forms of action - one psychological, the other economic.

A matter of justice

The first need is to repel the persistent brainwashing, which seeks to persuade her that it demands more talents - and is more intellectually stimulating - to tend a machine than to care for a family and to create a tranquil contented home.

Because of the negative influence of the media, this is not easy.

ITS REALLY INTERESTING reading (If you go in for Primal Screams - the Pain, you know)

ARRGH
keep 'em in the kitchens, eh Bob?

FUCK!

what about a house-husband-allowance

- or man?
WHAT?

this is DRIVE L

Not all jobs involve tending machines - do you tend a machine, Bob?

IWW...



women's health

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND, ST. LUCIA, BRISBANE

A conference on all aspects of Womens Health to celebrate International Women's Year. Sponsored by the department of Health and the International Women's Year Committee.

Papers are invited from all sections of the community. Outlines of papers, of approximately 200 words, should be submitted to the Conference Director for consideration by Selection Committees by 30th May, 1975.

Final papers will be required by 30th June, 1975. Each paper will be allocated 20 minutes for presentation and there will be time allowed for discussion and questions.

Further details can be obtained from:

The Conference Director,
Patricia Bollard,
Department of Health,
PO Box 100,
WODEN ACT 2606
Telephone: Canberra
81 8530.

Final details of the program, registration, accommodation and travel arrangements will be circulated shortly.

The program will include the following broad themes:

Behavioural aspects of Women's health

- Sexuality, sex education, health education
- Rape, wife-beating
- Doctor/Patient attitudes, prescribing habits
- Alcohol and drugs

- Fashion fads and the fast-sell
- Baby-bashing and shop-lifting
- Reproductive Life and General health**
- The Seven Ages of Women including
- Puberty, adolescence, menopause, old age
- Menstruation, reproduction and genetic disease
- Nutrition, infection, malignancy
- Family planning, fertility, abortion.

A Woman's work . . .

- Health
- Promotion in the home and industry
- Industrial and occupational hazards
- Women as mothers

Problem of isolation

- Women in institutions
- Handicapped women
- Physical isolation
- Social and economic and ethnic isolation
- Suburban neuroses - compulsive physical

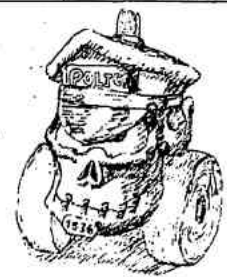
Women's role in health services

- Promotion
- Prevention
- Treatment
- Rehabilitation

The aims of the Conference are to:

- * Identify women's health needs in Australia, both current and future;
- * Determine the adequacy and relevance of present approaches to women's health care;
- * Provide guidelines for future planning of women's health care services.

Everybody with an interest in women's health care is invited to participate. We seek both new and traditional viewpoints as we aim to create a focal point for the exchange of ideas between those responsible for the delivery of health care to women and the women themselves. It is hoped that the medical profession, academics, nurses, hospital and other health administrators, sociologists, demographers, consumer groups, trade unions, Aborigines, migrants, women's groups, religious and charitable organisations, housewives, paramedical people - to name but a few - will take advantage of this unique opportunity to present their views on any aspect of women's health.



It's up to you



To many travelling is a Peter Stuyvesant, a camera, a loaded wallet and a stream of fabulous beaches. But travelling can be quite different - meeting new people, places, cultures and ideas. It can be a learning experience if you are willing to learn. And that's where AUS Travel comes in. We can provide you with cheap student fares to almost anywhere. No round the world tours or cliched tourist packages. You can book for the 1975-76 student summer program from June onwards. We can take you there and the rest is up to you.



Australian Union of Students Travel

Dept vaguely moving



The resources of 10 government and six Catholic schools will be combined in an "education complex" in the Richmond area of Melbourne with the assistance of funds from the Schools Commission.

The Australian Minister for Education, Kim Beazley, has approved a grant by the Commission of \$145,448 for the project. He has also approved another 35 grants for projects recommended by the Commission under the Innovations Program. The 36 grants are valued at \$388,202.

Responsibility for the Richmond project will be given to the Education Liaison Committee of the Victorian Education Department, which includes representatives of the Victorian Catholic Education Office. The combining of resources will provide a wider range of educational programs than the schools are capable of initiating individually, some of the objectives being:

- To overcome the 'gap' between the

schools and the parents of children attending them;

- To co-ordinate youth recreational activities out of school hours (including school holidays);
- To provide adult education programs, with a special emphasis on the teaching of English.

Other grants include one of \$10,000 to the principal of Kormilda College at Berrimah, Northern Territory, to clear four acres of college grounds for an Aboriginal farming project involving fruit, vegetables, pigs and chickens as cash crops and horses for training.

This is the last planned announcement of grants under the Innovations Program for the current period of Commission activity (calendar years 1974 and 1975).

This is a start I suppose, but its still building on the current system limited by the inadequacies, prejudices and socialization inherent therein (or something.)



'I want to be a serious actor' said gorgeous Tony McGregor, 'but the critics are only interested in my body'. That a pity, because Tony has a lot of natural talent, as our picture shows.

CHEAP HOUSING HORROR-SHOW

Those fighting for low-cost accommodation in Canberra have intensified their struggle —

1. To see empty houses let at a fair rent.
2. To see the Government live up to its promise and revoke the leases on land and houses held vacant by speculators in expectation of higher prices and profits.
3. To see Government introduce

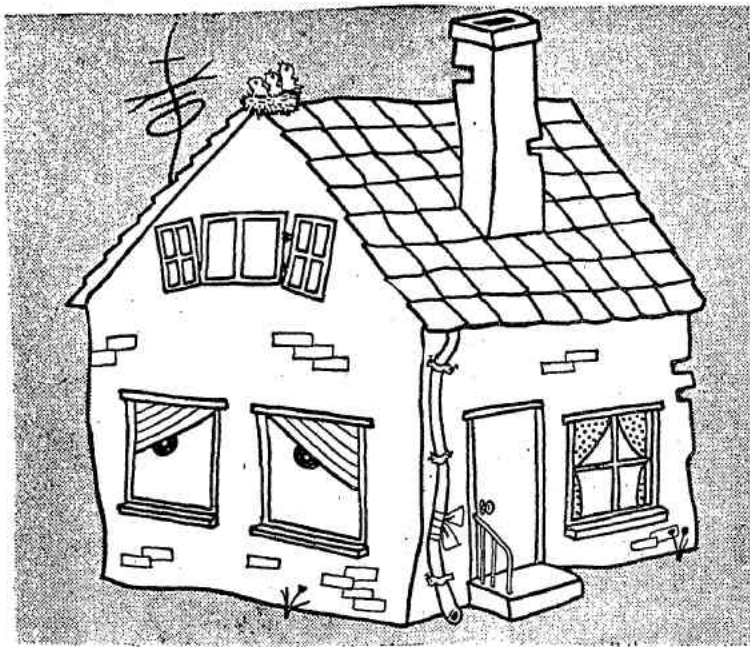
3. To see the Government introduce a massive building programme (In 1958 28% of houses and flats were built by private developers 72% by the Government — In 1974 72% were built privately and 28% by the Government). The number of houses built by the Government has slowly declined over the years at a time of huge population increase).

Last week 33 people (many students) were arrested under the Public Order Act for occupying a house in Mugga Way which until our visit had been empty for seven years.

Our investigations are continually turning up empty houses, landlords charging exorbitant rents, and blocks of land (zoned for development) which have lain idle for years.

In Kingston land speculation, at the promise of redevelopment, reached such a pitch that blocks of land were sold and resold many times in a year.

HALLUCINATION



This has meant that the profits in renting the properties to build there will be small relative to the capital invested if fair rent remains in force. So to pressure the Government Kingston Town Houses Pty. Ltd. have knocked down the existing houses and have, in breach of their lease, kept the blocks vacant.

The iniquities of the university housing policy have been exposed in *Woroni* before. The university had more than 40 dwellings vacant in April, ten of them have been vacant for more than twenty weeks. Rents are generally less than 50% of Government fair rent. The privileges of university housing policy go first to the profes-

ors and not at all to the undergraduate. The university has so mismanaged its housing stock — rents too low and sale of houses to the academics who rent them at Government valuers prices — that the university must be the only major investor in land to make a dramatic loss on its housing operations and its stock of dwellings has declined significantly.

Also in this situation Johns College is not full of students. Even though fees are so high that a full tertiary allowance doesn't approach them the accommodation crisis is such that students are forced into the colleges. But Johns has let in policemen before it will let in women students. Johns has chucked out many students who last year disagreed with its current management. Something must be done about this. Join the united Canberra community struggle for low cost accommodation.

Talking of injustices, ANU students should take a short walk to visit and lend their support to the Art Students at the Old Canberra High School. These students are conducting a united campaign against bad conditions and are supported by the ANUSA.

JULIUS ROE

AN AUSTRALIAN POLITICIAN AND PALESTINE



Impressions gained in all states was the hatred of the state of Israel. From countries as disparate as the laissez-faire capitalist state of Lebanon to the almost communist state of Iraq. Another was the efforts of Libya and Iraq to improve living standards in contrast to the difficulties, of Egypt and Syria who have had economic troubles because of the war with Israel.

Three days impressed him in particular. The first was a visit to the cities of Tyre, Sidon and the refugee camps near the Israeli borders in Lebanon. He said:

"We hear a great deal about PLO terrorism in Israel. I was simply unprepared for what I saw in Southern Lebanon. In Tyre — a block of flats destroyed by a 2,000 pound aerial bomb, — in Sidon houses flattened by aerial bombing including the destruction of a United Nations Relief Administration food depot — apparently they were aiming for Al Fatah headquarters on the other side of the street — in the refugee camps on the border literally hundreds of huts flattened with people still digging to recover personal possessions. We were told that in these Israeli terror raids, the day before, over a hundred had been killed and over 200 wounded. How much of this was reported in the Australian Press?"

by George Petersen MLA
Law School, Sydney
University — 5.3.75

In July 1974, George Petersen was part of a Labour movement delegation which visited Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Libya and Iraq. Whilst in Beirut, Lebanon, they met the PLO leadership. They did not visit Israel because of the war in Cyprus, through Cyprus is the normal route to Israel. Because

of their association with the PLO they thought it untenable to go through Jordan, which had forcibly expelled the PLO. On Wednesday 23 April Petersen addressed a public forum held in Hayden Allen Tank at 8pm. The following is a summary of his address.

How many members of the Australian Jewish Community who wax so strongly about PLO terrorism say one word of disclaimer of Israeli terrorism — as was evident in the sights that we witnessed." The second day that was memorable was a visit to the Egyptian lines on the Suez Canal where the scenes of battle in the 1973 October war were still evident replete with the wreckage of many brand new United States tanks. Morale among the troops was high as they had penetrated the once thought unimpregnable Bar-Lev line on the north bank of the Canal. He commented:

"I think it quite likely that, man for man, the Israeli army is better than either the Egyptians or the Syrians. But, at the very least, some of the front line troops are every bit as good as each other and there are only 3 million Israelis and 123 million Arabs."

The third day was when he first saw the city of Kuneitra on the Golan Heights. The Israeli's have claimed they must hold the Golan Heights to have defensible borders. Claiming that Kibbutzes will be shelled otherwise. However he saw that this claim works both ways. On the road from Damascus to Kuneitra there is a Palestinian refugee camp — with a bomb shelter — which the Palestinians occupy whenever they are shelled by the Israelis ensconced on the Heights.

Kuneitra used to be a city of 40 to 50 thousand people. Its inhabitants have been expelled to Syria with the exception of the Dursi sect and a few old people. This city of stone and brick buildings was still mostly intact when the ceasefire agreement was signed on 20 June 1974, providing that it be handed over to the Syrians on the 26 June. In those six days the Israelis brought up 50

bulldozers, and with the help of explosives, flattened it to the ground. The only buildings left standing were a few houses occupied by old people under the protection of the Red Cross and a few buildings they were occupying themselves until the last minute.

"Now since we came back I have been attacked in Zionist publications for lying on this issue — or it has been suggested that I was hoodwinked. But it was impossible to conceal the bulldozer tracks — and we could still see dozens of bulldozers working building an earth embankment on the cease fire line. It has been argued too that the destruction was necessary in order to prevent military occupation. But the town is surrounded on three sides by high hills. These hills are heavily fortified — one of the fortified hills is only a few hundred yards from the town. The town is totally indefensible. This city was completely destroyed as an act of vandalism in exactly the same way as the Mogul invaders destroyed the European cities in the Middle Ages. And just across the cease fire line — below the hills we could see an Israeli kibbutz, where an Arab village used to stand. How far will the Israelis expand to provide secure borders for this kibbutz?"

T.E.A.S.: This means YOU!

How many students are aware of the value of their collective action achieving notice from the present Educational Department and its current bureaucratic toy the Tertiary Allowance scheme.

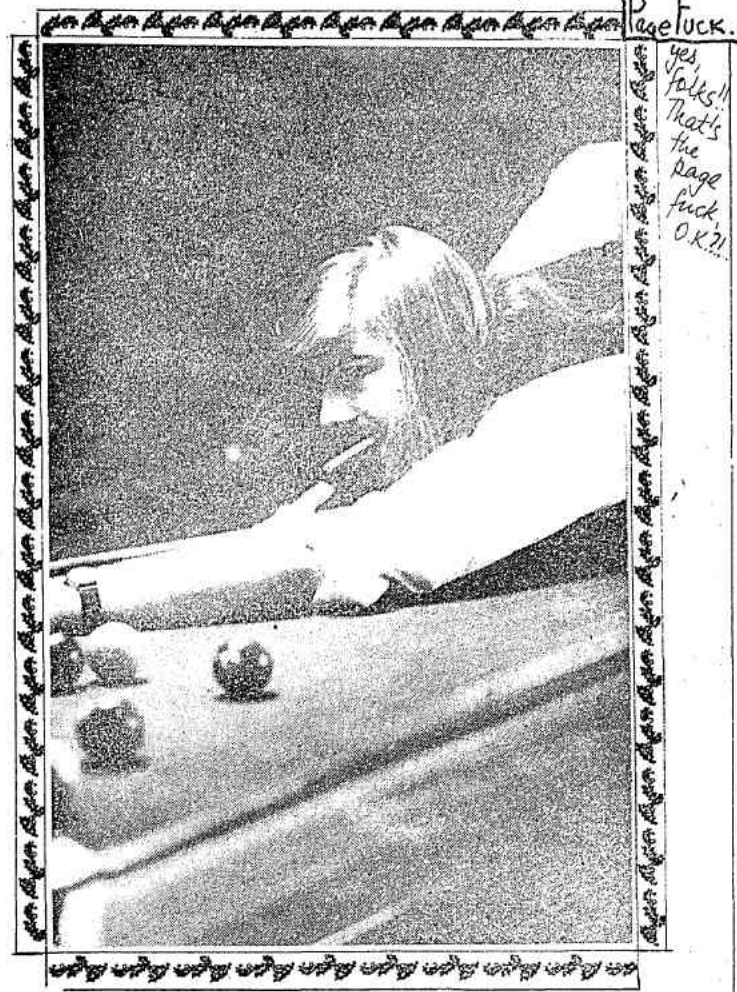
Due to widespread student poverty because TEAS cheques have been held up on every catch available, AUS called a national campaign for student action and ideas for change of the present scheme. On Tuesday April 29th, at 1. pm in the Union Court, Tom Hurley, Education Vice-President outlined the reasons why students round Australian campuses are dissatisfied with the present scheme. Most obviously some people have not received cheques, even at this stage in the academic year.

To protest this and other inequities in the scheme a group of 30 people marched to the city Education Centre to directly confront the bureaucracy with their grievances. Hurley made the point that Canberra is also central to focusing on politicians in the "great White dugout". However since Parliament is not sitting the City Education Centre was the next best symbol of the all powerful power of the pen.

Two cases outlined by students at the Centre concerned a definition of "normal domestic relationship" which because of an arbitrary decision was interpreted outside the meaning of the rules. Secondly, the case of a student with two dependents being ineligible for assistance because her spouses income was considered sufficient for 4 people to subsist on, the amount is \$168 a fortnight.

Whilst there is a real need to focus on student problems with the scheme, apparently the large numbers of students who must have known this protest was to be held, couldn't be bothered to turn up. This apathy at ANU contrasts with widespread action on other Australian campuses. Because of its very position in relation to the Parliament, ANU students should attempt to provide central thrust for this campaign. However, if the next meeting called is as poorly attended as the last one, we will be in the same position next year as this year, that is if the actions of other campuses don't achieve some change in the meantime.

JOHN COLMAN



Rick (20, from Toad Hall) enjoys a relaxing game of pool. "I'm really a night person", Rick confides, "I never get to sleep before two". But then, who needs it?

Page Fuck.
yes folks!! That's the page fuck O.K.!!



HEAD FALLS OFF

This article is by way of a short biography. I would use the term 'obituary' but that Graham isn't dead. Not clinically dead, anyway. He exists in a Queensland mental hospital. His body functions perfectly. His mind barely functions at all. The psychiatrists are divided between those who attempt conventional diagnoses, those who admit to being baffled, and those who shrug and blindly ask: 'What can you expect? You know what he was taking.' As if that answered everything.

All the obituary cliches fitted Graham. He was well-liked by all who knew him, intelligent, easy-going, and well-adjusted. Whatever that means. He was an accomplished athlete, a Don Juan with the ladies, and a successful businessman. His business was pushing drugs.

He preferred the euphemism 'dealing' and in a way it fitted. He made most of his money (a modest income by the standards of his profession) by 'whole-saling' the best grass in the state, and maybe the country. Buyers came looking for him and they rarely argued the toss. He preferred to leave the 'hard stuff' to 'the heavies', and I never doubted his instincts for self-preservation. Not until he discovered acid.

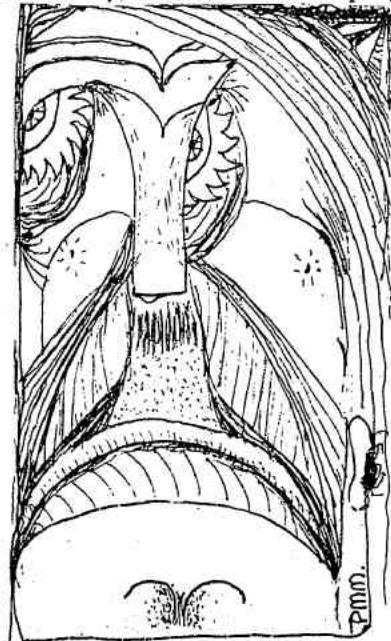
At this stage he had been around in drugs for years, since long before the scene became fashionable. He admitted, blithely, to having handled anything and everything. He'd seen the habituals from every type, though, the most depressing was a head on a 'bad line of acid'. His own

personal vice was 'a staple diet of red fire and roaches' (rum & marijuana), though he was even cutting down on that in deference to his new girl-friend.

And then a parcel of acid tabs came his way. He knew quality when he saw it, and this was the best. And virtually overnight he was converted.

The changes were slight at first. He gave up running on the beach twice a week. Then he gave up football and tennis. He began to forget things, to daydream, to sleep in on Sundays.

When he was tired he became irritable and moody, and seemed to be adopting



And he didn't see the Writing on the wall

attitudes of mind quite foreign to the character everyone knew. Gradually he drifted away from the girl he loved, and the business his rat-trap mind had kept functioning effortlessly. Things began to go wrong.

No-one knows what dose he took. No-one knows whether it was a new batch or not. No-one knows where he got it, or what he took it with. He's not telling anybody.

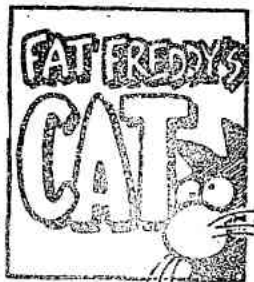
Graham had everything on his side. Understanding, knowledge, experience. He wasn't a drop-out and he didn't need a prop to cope with life. In many ways he was boringly conventional. Even his slang was out of date. And yet his predicament is as modern as tomorrow's Woroni. It underlies the greatest element of danger in this progress element of danger in this product of chemical progress we call acid: the unknown.

L.S.D. is only a generation old; its side-effects are poorly documented and its activity inadequately understood. Perhaps the mutant on the last issue's back cover was the product of a family history of acid use. We just don't know.

If you are considering tripping on acid, don't go into it blind to the risk you are running. Don't kid yourself that doubts and fears expressed about the drug are purely the product of conventional paranoia. But if you genuinely and honestly believe its pleasant effects are worth the possible damage to your psychological make-up, then I would be the last to condemn.

And if your friendly neighbourhood head ever asks why you're down on acid, tell him about Graham. It may really open his eyes. - Anonymous.

In which our feline friend is force fumed and finds na has a fantastic flair for stuffing ze face, O.K?



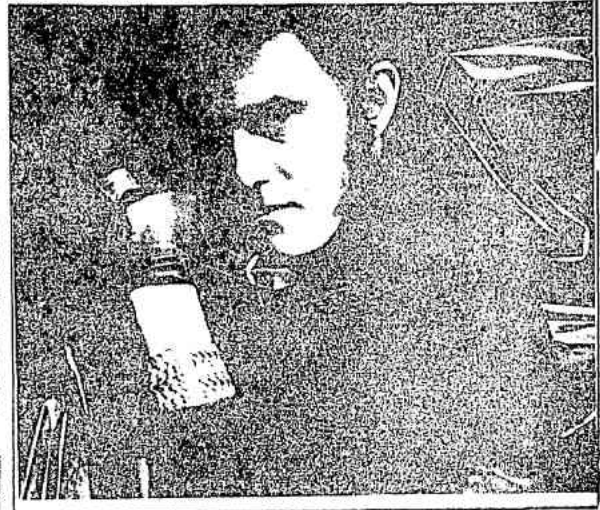
Ho, ho, ho! Lucky cat, eh, got's + bays? Or lucky Freddy Freek?



DEATH THROES OF A LEGEND



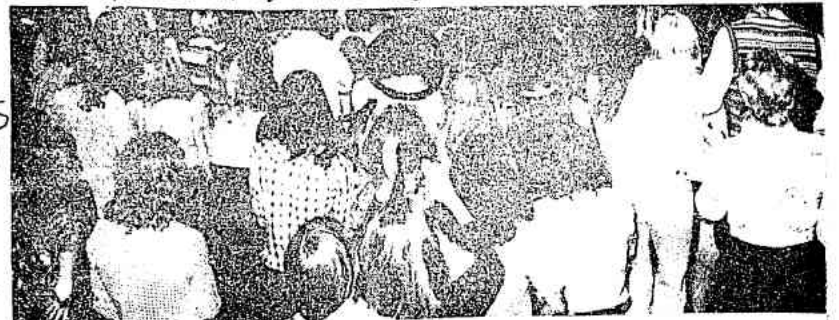
ELTON, GEORGE & RAVI:
KNOWN FRIENDS
OF ERIC CLAPTON



ALVIN: NOT KNOWN
TO BE ANY PARTICULAR FRIEND.



* * * *
Right: the ONLY AVAILABLE
photograph of Eric Clapton
known to Woroni co-operative.
Clapton is circled in pic.



The guru wath comething. The saviour the man himself, the builder of ivory towers of sound that we'd all been hiding in through our last couple of reincarnations. Appearing in Sydney, courtesy of Daintrey or Stigwood or whoever, Avis Rent-a-Truck and Patti's Post Natal Care Centre for 2,uh,3,uh,4,uh.....5 amazing concerts. So its onto the road on Friday. Won't you give me a lift, man, can't be for far, the way that you shift, man, in your empty car. Same ole story, finally given a lift by a 50 ton cement truck who locks 16 wheels for ya while the Falcons loaded with beautiful people for the Friday night Clapton expo shoot past. Can't be too sure about these freeloaders, eh Marg: roll us another joint will ya. Yeah mate, been drivin these rigs for 22 years, finally got me own prime mover last month, \$39,000, little beauty. Got a boy, 6 months old, I might stay in the game till he can take it over, but I don't know, I had to build it up by meself, and the little woman's against it. Gonna miss me nights off tonite, ya know. Fridays the day, down to the pub ter get drunk outa my mind, a belly full of beer 'n prawns, but Ive got to babysit tonight, the lady's goin to some meeting. Ah well, next week. A blue mini pulls in front of us near Goulburn slows down, drops us back 13 gears, apparently he'd booked the driver's mate's bird for dangerous driving, got her address, let her off and come round two days later, the mate had chopped him up and he's taking revenge. We swap tales of friends beaten to a pulp in cop shop locker rooms, being booked for being 1/2 hundredweight over on the third axle when the truck is loaded with 12.tons in 6 seconds, etc. Its all been smoke or glitter thank God and of course, they're on. 'Gday', says the

gent in the furlined boots, suede jacket and jeans, and turning away they break into Little Queenie, version thereof. And two of the major disappointments of the night emerge, the hero is going to use too much reverb to allow a true building of the solos, and the band is going to take three minutes to end each song, a crashing chord scale, a futile 4 note guitar twang, another descending series of crashes, feedback a final crash, another scale, a crash, some applause, halfhearted and confused, more feedback and a wailing curtained note, another crash and an embarrassed silence. Then some more applause. Perhaps some more scales from the keyboards, belts from the drummer and thats probably that, folks. As if someone was trying to fill in time. Never mind, in the next song he's bound to do one of those frenetic solos our Mums dismiss as ridiculous noise. (Yeah Mum, I'm hiding) but he seems to keep forgetting to start. Mr Clapton, folks, has changed. Not to the laid back brilliance we all accepted as the new style on 461, but to the laid back mediocrity we accept from any of the hordes of goodish blues or rock'n'roll guitarists around. (A truly mammoth category, but he's been brilliantly in and out of both in the building of his legend, hasn't he. Hasn't he?). As the night rolled on through early Yardbirds numbers, BluesPower, Have You Ever Loved A Woman, 461 stuff (No Cream nos) it became disappointingly obvious that Eric baby wants to be the leader of a good band taking his place in that band. Which is disappointing, because the masses still want to hear the man lead a tight backing group, there only to act as a base and perhaps a subdued sounding board for him. He played with Greg Allmann, Derek and the

Dominoes, because he so desperately wanted to adopt this laid back style, and he succeeded, while still maintaining his identity as a flying guitarist, towering over them with controlled oh so gently controlled, power. But here, he stops playing and there is no hole in the band, they can obviously continue without him. And the people hadn't come along to see a good band, they'd come along to be lifted by towering crescendos of sound, spinning spherical mirrors on the horns of a tidal wave and all that kind of stuff. He knew this, knew he wasn't delivering the goods. This is pretty shithouse when you think about it, he said after some halfhearted (again) applause at the end of Bluespower. He knew that repetitious three note cycle, done at half John McLaughlin's speed, or reverb-smothered halftrons weren't quite what was wanted. The reports of the two Melbourne concerts that had filtered up from that sceptred isle, of one of flying brilliance and one where he played in only 4 songs, stumbled round cursing the audience for daring to come along, and generally upsetting every Grandmother and Premier within earshot (rumours of Mandrax, alcohol, acid (wot?) were flying) meant that the dearly beloved had their fingers crossed when laying out their \$6.80, but they hadn't really expected mediocrity. The show grinds on, both the lady vocalist, Yvonne Elliman and a willowy anonymous type were given solo spots where they beautifully did beautiful songs they'd written themselves, both being the proud possessors of fantastic voices and Joni Mitchell type control. But, twenty minutes from the end of the show, we were still waiting for him to get into gear. By this time in that glorious Wishbone Ash concert,

the audience had been flying, but here, ah well. Then came the event that titillated the media, fish poisoning (officially) did what some of the crowd were almost wondering if they were waiting for, and he bent double and rushed off. The band played on, finished the song, then did Steady Rolling Man with George Terry coming out from his mountain of speakers and 100 watt amps to ring and play lead at least as well as Eric had done in his 2 good moments, then the show finished, with the consolation that it would be repeated on Tuesday free. So back we file on Tuesday to the same surly ushers, 'are you smoking up there?' If you want to go outside'. Torches check, they goosstep down the stairs again while the culprit announces his intention of wreaking revenge sideways with the articles, still hit. Glaring No Smoking signs, all lights in the foyer blazing, overwhelming the cliched yellow blue orange light she, ah well. This time more effort fro. the guilty Eric, different songs, Crossroad, a beautifully done Layla, hints of the Dominoes but still a shadow of the former self; the crowd, having listened to fellow respected concert goers criticising their acceptance of the first concert on the strength of the legend, subdued, unappealed. Loving the good bits, but they were too few and far between. What he did he did well, he's always done what he's done tightly controlled. Where Hendrix radiated gut emotion, he has always been the master of controlled freneticism, sliding and bending up to the exact note, but here he did a tight, controlled nothing-in-particular.

RICHARD NEVER SEND TO
SEE FOR WHOM THE BELL
TOLLS; IT TOLLS FOR THEE
GARFIT HYPHEN MOTTRAM



Art Centre Article

Clearance on the site for the new Arts Centre on the banks of Sullivan's Creek has now been completed and work on the foundations should commence within the next two to three weeks. It is expected that the building will be open and available for use by students and other members of the University by mid 1976.

The Centre will have three main areas:

- A central auditorium for amateur and professional performances for music, drama and dance.
- A general activities area comprising studios for painting, photography, pottery and other crafts; facilities for film editing, sound recording, experimental television and like activities; rehearsal and dressing rooms, wardrobe and storage space.
- A multi purpose foyer for exhibitions of painting, ceramics, photography and various crafts.

The Australian Government has

given \$250,000 towards the construction of the Centre, and a gift of \$100,000 has been received from Mr. Frank Duval, an Australian businessman resident in Tokyo. Students are also contributing, \$2 of their annual Association fees being allocated to the capital fund for the Centre, and in this way approximately \$50,000 has been raised over the past five years.

An appeal for contributions is now being made to all those associated in any way with the University including especially staff and parents of students who it is expected will be particularly interested in the establishment of the Arts Centre.

Each student will shortly receive a joint letter from Julius Roe, President of the Association, and the Chancellor, Dr Coombs, asking for his/her help in bringing the Appeal to the notice of parents and encouraging them to subscribe as generously as possible to the Centre. Can we look for your help?



'THE LATE' & 'THE BODYBUILDERS'

ANU Theatre Group,
23 - 26 April, 1975.

The first of these two short plays, by Rene de Obaldia, is an absurd conversation between widows which packs a message under its shock-tactic inane humour. The two young actresses, Cathy Griff and Janet Heath are competent and overcome the play's restrictive stage directions but take their characters a little too seriously.

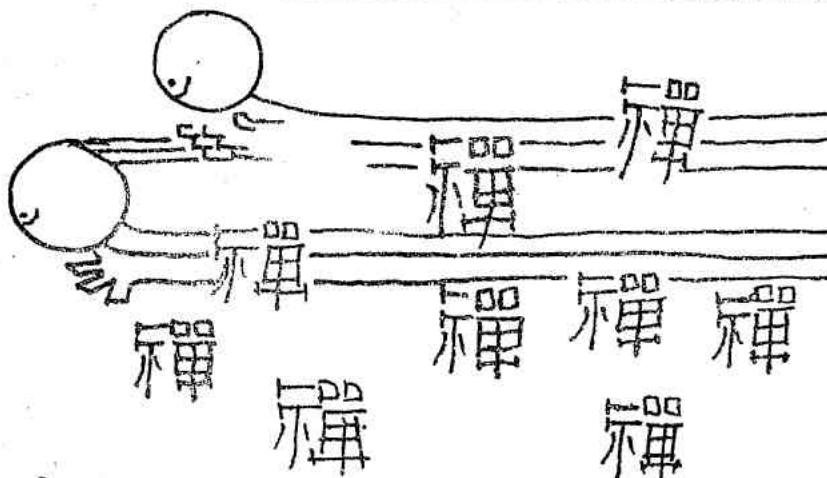
Mike Weller's 'The Bodybuilders' commences with some really good Virginia Woolf invective between Keith, the failed novelist, and his wife Kate. Ken McSwain conveys excellently a weary stubbornness and a masochistic revelling in his failure; and Deborah Mead is superbly bitchy. Then in bounce Flash and Powie, the bodybuilders; Paul Mason and Bryan Anderson have all the stage presence

and energy required of the parts.

The end of the play is a bit heavy-handed; Weller has extracted all the laughs he can from Flash and Powie's inarticulate stupidity, so he gives them eloquence, and Innocence and Art triumph over Cynicism. Ms Mead has the difficult task of carrying the end of the play with few lines and bringing Kate's defeat and frustration over the levity sustained through most of the play; this she does well. Ably directed by Denise Worrall, it is overall a very good production.

The Theatre Group have found the nucleus of a promising company and we may look forward to their further productions.

J.W.

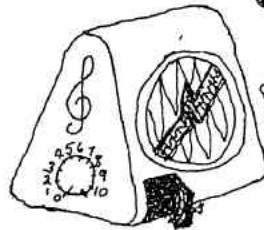


I dip in heating
Atmosphere is treacle jam
Bread and butterfly

With red and dark blue
In the sky is an age of
Dying without loss.

Describing the peregrinations of six characters in search of a hot dinner, Bunuel has, in "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie", achieved a perfect synthesis of surreal wit and blistering social assault. His evanescent narrative sequences are miraculously counterbalanced by the imperturbable solidity of the bourgeois personages who patrol them, insulated by their unvarying social reflexes and their from all forms of external destruction or from facing the consequences of their own unsatisfied (and insatiable) appetites. As an example of Bunuel's work "The Discreet Charm" is perhaps more outrageously anarchic than ever before, but the old anarchist also implicitly acknowledges his powerlessness to alter the complex of forms — social, artistic and political — which provoke and nourish his sardonic displeasure. — MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN

Sound Cell SALE



Sound Cell blank cassettes are about the cheapest in town and you can save 10% by buying 10 or more (the

You can save 10c in every dollar when you buy non-sale items at the Sound Cell, if you bring you student card.

Sound Cell has the best range of Jazz, Blues and Rock records in Canberra — come and see



SALE NOW ON —

BETWEEN 10% — 50% OFF!!!†

THE SOUND CELL 9 Hibernian Arcade, Garema Place, Civic

(next door to Young's Garema Place) and also in Youngs Arcade, Monaro Street, Queanbeyan.



Clearly the seminar and its promoters would have stayed put, if they had not got wind of the students' determination to end such secret briefings on Australia to the top US war personnel.

In a special leaflet brought out last week it was reported that 37 people from the US National War College were coming to the ANU for a secret seminar.

It was reported that 'the National War College . . . is a top-level school for highly selected senior military officers and civilian career officials' (US Govt. Manual p.210). These people, all intimately involved in the making of US war policies, are in Australia as part of an intensive study tour of Asia and the Pacific. Their study involves problems 'incident to the conduct of national security affairs' (ibid.).

In the afternoon, on Thursday, about 25 students and staff members assembled in the Union and marched to the Chancery to demand that the ANU break with the war College.

It is not an accident that the delegation from the war college included at least two CIA agents, Seymour I. Naddler, and Samuel G. Wise (Who's Who in the CIA). These men along with the rest were briefed not only by the ANU Defence and Strategic Studies Centre, but also by the Defence Department personnel on policy and war industry potential (Itinerary, DoD, 1975).

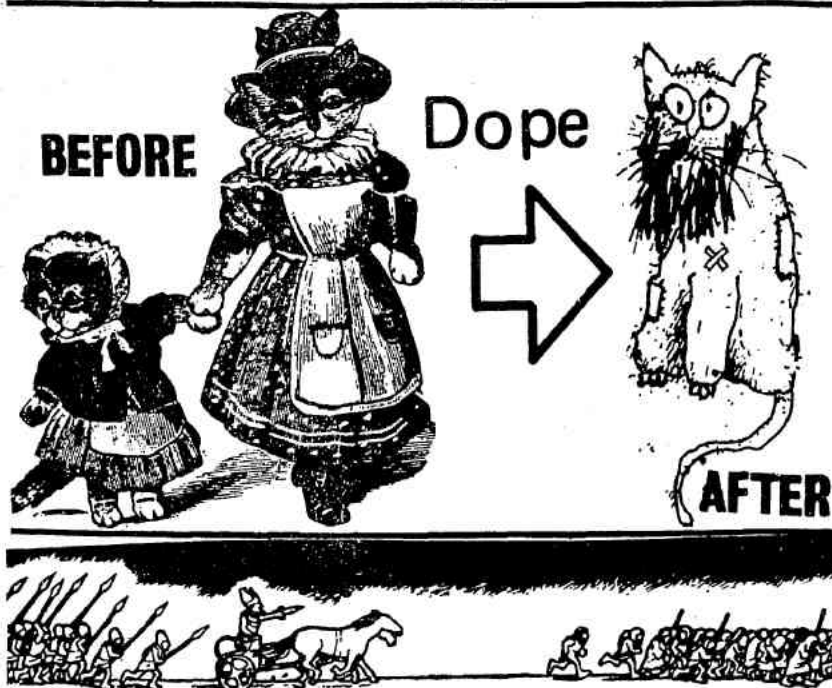
Once the students and staff reached the Mills Room, however, they found that the War College had fled to the Australian Defence Dept. This was a great tribute to the rising strength of the movement against US imperialism in Australia.

However, this episode has its bad side. It DOES show that the ANU is putting its academic and organisational reserves at the disposal of such visits, thus encouraging them. That the ANU should feel no qualms about letting the War College and the CIA use its council chamber or dine in style at University House is only an encouragement to even greater US interference in our affairs.

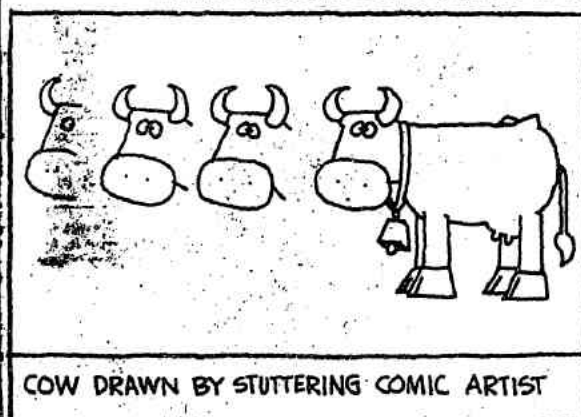
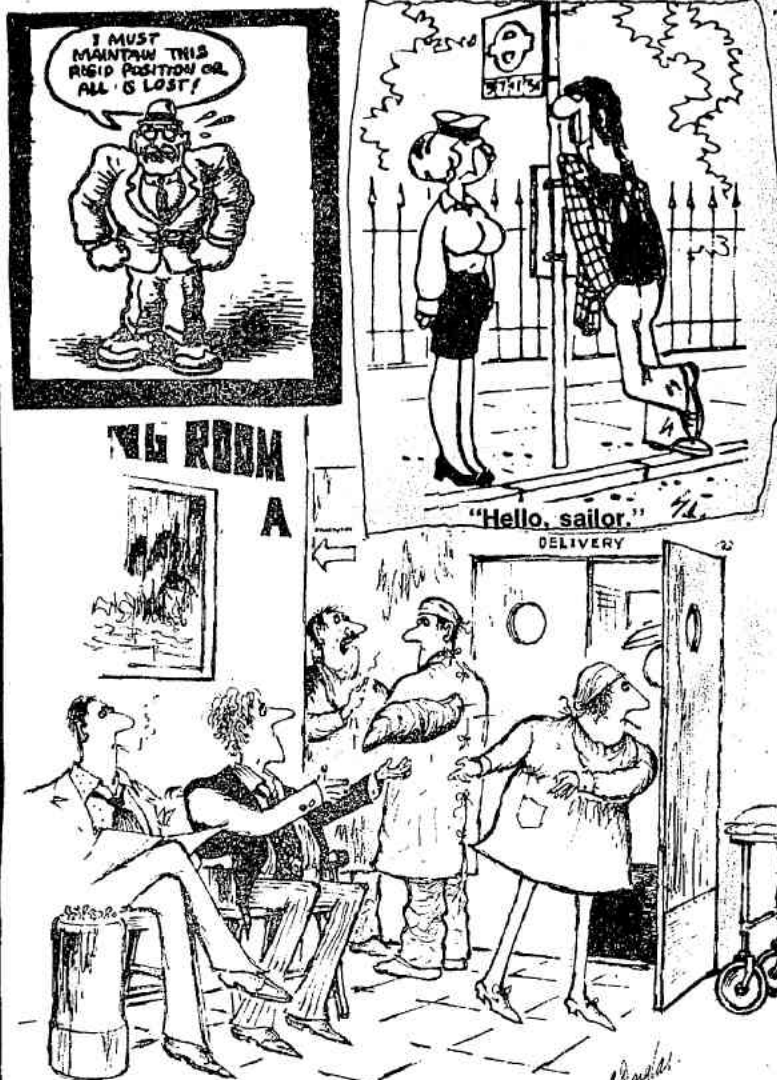
These matters should be widely discussed and protested against by all people in the University. The protest showed that people can do something, that they can worry, discourage and finally defeat US domination in Australia.

The resources of Australian universities are NOT part of US 'national security' and the ANU should be no exception.

"Independence Struggle" is a fortnightly newsheet controlled by its writers, producers and distributors. It has editorial meetings every Tuesday night at 7.00pm in the Music Listening Room (near the Union Offices). All are welcome to attend.



RIPPED - OFF COMIX Dept



MISCARRIAGE



Ah, now for a semi-intellectualization of the 'opera'. As Rolling Stone has already noted, the film comes too late to have a monstrous impact, everyone has already thought about this spawning of one small stage of the Who's career, and moved on.

Anyway, the film starts with a spot of imagery, figure watching overwhelming sunrise (spheres, suns, ballbearings, glowing orbs, pinball, enlightenment, etc. Get it?), with the clackings of pinball machines in the foyer a nice touch (doubt if Canberra will rise to such heights) and the speaker stacks in each corner looking promising. (Memories of Woodstock and several Stones movies, and anyway they promised to make my senses reel). And sure enough, through the overture opening, as Mum and Dad generally dig each other and nature, one of the highlights of the film becomes apparent. That is, at last high fidelity has reached the cinema (God, how long have we waited). The 'new quintaphonic' sound system, quad with a central voice track is really good, very low distortion (1%, the pundits tell me) and good meaty volume. Patrons are warned that the sound level is a health hazard, a sign outside gleefully tells us.

Anyhow, back to the plot. Dad marches off to war, Mum psychically freaks as Daddy is dying over Germany (the original Tommy's Dad died in the 14-18 maelstrom, but ya gotta

move with the times I suppose. Makes it easier later when Tommy's pinball shoots round knocking down model and is told to shut up. Which he does. And so on, and so on. And one of the disappointing aspects of the film emerges, namely that they intend to make most points the record makes, bombers, surrealistically becoming a glow of enlightenment, turning the bombers into black crosses like the one Mum planted on the war memorial bump in the road. All fits, ya see). At Bernies Holiday Camp (sacrilege!) a decent period later Mum meets lover, (Oliver Reed, fat and greasy since his Women in Love days), they get it on, Dad returns, is killed, Tommy sees it and make them bloody well. Absolutely no point remains clouded; unlike the aforementioned record which is comparatively difficult to work out, Ken Russell has every intention of handing every conclusion to you on the ole proverbial silver platter. Even to the point of enlisting Townshend to write new songs with lyrics like 'Why are we so interested in making money'. Thanks Ken, I really wasn't sure. Why write new songs to hammer home an already flattened idea, instead of using your extra time and sense(sight) to have a few good healthy digs at other things. Surely there's scope for such manoeuvres in a film you're billing as the greatest contribution to art in the twentieth century. And dare I say Ken baby has missed some

points in the record itself in his frantic haste to remake the obvious ones. For instance, how about some good solid sarcasm, or some hint that he knows whats going on, in the lines 'he doesn't know what day it is, who Jesus is or what praying is (so) how can he be saved from the eternal grave'. A case of the Emperor's New Clothes on my part perhaps, but it offers room to move. Although, admittedly, he admirably stirs one to emotional shivers in several places, such as the look on Capt. Walkers face as he hurtles down in flames, and I'M FREE, and Mum's 'what about the boy', and a few others. Although perhaps I was unusually receptive at the time, which looking back appears quite likely.

But to carve up the movie for awhile, some of the individual performances were superb, and some definately weren't. Mum (Ann Margret) was good, sensuously suffering in her baked bean bath type of a way. Roger Daltrey was amazing in most places, especially round Cousin Kevin and Acid Queen time, the latter moment containing Tina Turner looking spunky (as always, sigh) and sinister, with some beautiful images for the trip. Elton John was abominable, singing badly and obviously insisting that the scene of the Pinball Wizard be adjusted to cater for his over-inflated ego. The original P.W. scene was of a humble local lad humbly handing over his crown in an admiring way to the Pinball Wizard, Tommy. But the egotistical little jerk John

appears in glitter in a glittering context, and with crowd-roaring glares with hate at le Thomas (yesyesyesyes yesyes) with unused keyboards at the end of his pinball machine to remind us he's Elton John, pop star extrordinaire. Yuck. Jack Nicholson has nothing to do, and does it. Eric Clapton looks thoroughly bored by his bit as the hooker, and Cousin Kevin brilliantly has a good time torturing young Tom.

Keith Moon appears as harmlessly, pathetically evil as always. Townshend leaps in the background provide something to watch in the boring bits. Generally, the credible performances and high technical standard make it a pretty bearable movie. And the idea of enlightenment (or whatever) having to be reached by your own hard path is, as I said, soundly made; Tommy belatedly realizes this and thus deliberately destroys his holiday camp. An so on, yeah, wars a nasty thing, yeah, religion ain't such hot shit (a cold fart warmed up, maybe) yeah. People are a long way apart, yeah, we should love each other more; yeah, etc. etc. All a bit dull if you want to feel you might have already considered such profundities. But the sound is fantastic, the imagery most imaginative and the acting good. Worth seeing if you're doing nothing else at the time; better than most movies around.

RICHARD NEVER SEND
TO SEE FOR WHOM THE
BELL TOLLS; IT TOLLS
FOR THEE GARFIT-
MOTTRAM.

CANBERRA RECORD EXCHANGE

Located upstairs in Garema Arcade, Civic Centre, 47 8730
Extensive stocks of second hand and imported recordings including the latest overseas releases, back issues and rare records. Orders can be placed and a discount of 10% is offered on all purchases over \$25.
Hours of business:
9am - 6pm Monday - Thursday
9am - 10pm Fridays
9am - 1.30pm Saturdays
The only record shop

CANBERRA RECORD EXCHANGE



Nemesis is far more irksome for this generation Than that which fashioned our frustration.

fifteen

FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

Copyright © 1973
by Gilbert Shelton



FUCK ON THIS PAGE IS POORLY REPRESENTED: SO MUCH FOR YOUR FUCKIN' COUNTER-CULTURE, DON'T YOU THINK, FREDDY???

